

ESTABLISHED 114 YEARS.
KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.
 DEANS GATE, 70.

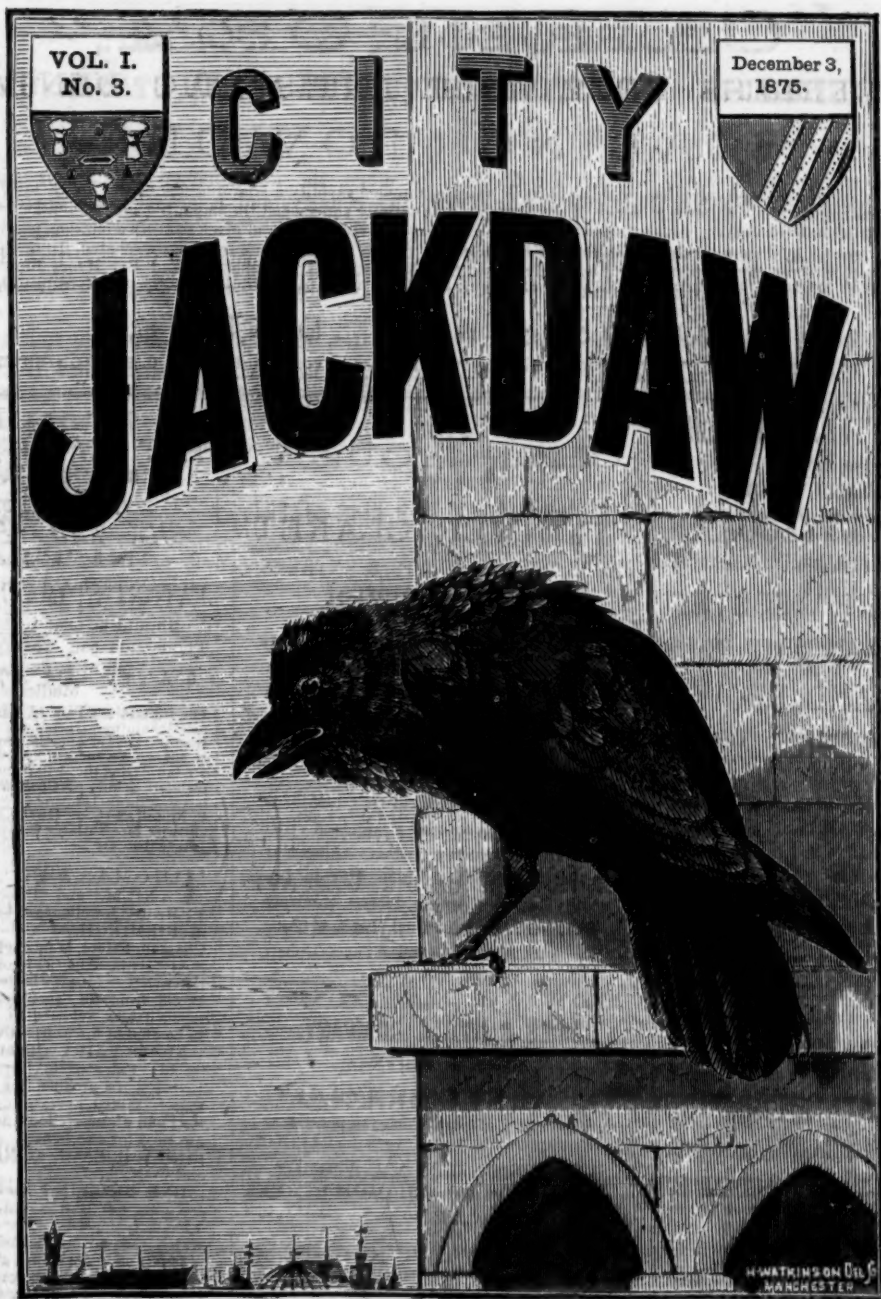
GOLD GUARDS, ALBERTS, RINGS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, LOCKETS, &c., &c. SILVER AND ELECTRO-SILVER.

SPECIALITIES
 IN
 WEDDING
 AND
 ANNIVERSARY
 PRESENTS.

W. BATTY & SON,
 HIGH-CLASS WATCH MANUFACTURERS,
 GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS, &c.
 9, MARKET STREET, & 1, CROSS STREET.

SPECIALITIES
 IN
 GEM
 BETROTHAL
 RINGS.

B. L. MILLES
 (From Brook Street, London).
 The Largest Stock to be seen in Manchester for the World-famed 16s. Trousers, Elysians, Beavers, and Cheviots, for Overcoats; and the 35s. Scotch Cheviot Overcoat, all sizes, ready for use.
 25, BROWN STREET, MANCHESTER.



B. L. MILLES
 (From Brook Street, London).
 The Extensive Stock for the WORLD-FAMED 16s. TROUSERS, Three Guinea SCOTCH CHEVIOT SUITS, and NEW OVERCOATINGS for the Winter Season, will be found on comparison to be BETTER THAN EVER.
 25, BROWN STREET, MANCHESTER.

LAMB'S
 CHOP HOUSE & RESTAURANT,
 9, COOPER STREET,

At its junction with Bond Street and Princess Street.

CHOPS AND STEAKS FROM THE GRIDIRON IN THE LONDON STYLE.
 SOUPS, FISH, JOINTS, ENTREES, &c.

Spacious Smoke Room. Wines, Spirits, Cigars. TEAS provided from 4 to 8 p.m.

GERMAN FAIR,
WHAITE'S,
 BRIDGE STREET,
 MANCHESTER.

PUBLISHING OFFICE, MARKET STREET CHAMBERS.]

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

(Opposite Ward's Buildings).

C. F. PICKERING,

IMPORTANT TO WHISKY CONNOISSEURS.

The **FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY** in England is the
"CAIRNGORM,"
 WHICH FOR STRENGTH, PURITY, AND EXQUISITE AROMA STANDS UNRIVALLED.

To Scotchmen, and those to whom WHISKY is a favourite beverage, the above-named magnificent spirit must commend itself as the finest specimen of Scottish Malt ever imported into this country, and is entirely free from that smoky flavour which is so objectionable to many.

The Importers, **Messrs. HENDERSON & JONES**, would also call attention to the fact, that the medical faculty are recommending and prescribing pure Scotch (not Irish) Whisky in lieu of French brandy as a stimulant for invalids, for which purpose the "CAIRNGORM" cannot be excelled.

Sample Bottles, at 8s. 9d. each, may be obtained at the Stores, **Macdonald's Buildings, Macdonald's Lane, Corporation Street, Manchester**, where orders are received for cases containing from one gallon upwards.

ALEXANDRA HALL,
 PETER STREET.

MR. GEORGE LEYBOURNE,
 The Lion Comique.

MISS MARIAN WEBSTER,
 SISTERS SCHOFIELD,
COLEMANS AND BROWN,
 And other Artists.

MANCHESTER SKATING RINK,
 NEAR ALEXANDRA PARK,
 OPEN DAILY,
 From 11 to 1; 2 30 to 5; 7 to 9 30.
 ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.
 HIRE OF SKATES, SIXPENCE.

CHEETHAM HILL EXHIBITION,
 BAZAAR, AND SKATING RINK.

TO FANCY DEALERS, DRAPERS,
 STATIONERS, AND OTHERS.

The Proprietors, having set apart a limited space round the inside of the building for the EXHIBITION OF NOVELTIES and SALE OF FANCY ARTICLES, invite applications for space.

Address, stating articles to be exhibited or sold and area required, Mr. BEVES, Manchester Skating Rink, Alexandra Park, who will forward full particulars as to rent, &c., in reply.—Early application is necessary.

LAMB'S
CHOP HOUSE AND RESTAURANT,
 9, COOPER STREET,

Directly opposite the North-east corner of the New Town Hall.

Wines, Spirits, and Cigars of the Finest Quality.

THOMAS'S
CHOP HOUSE.

ENTRANCES:

ST. ANN'S PASSAGE AND KING STREET.
 RENEWAL OF LEASE.
 CHOPS, STEAKS, JOINTS, & ENTREES,
 ROOM FOR LADIES.

Use
ASHTON'S
Laundry
BLUE,
 BEST, CHEAPEST, AND CLEANEST.

Wholesale at 3, CANNON-ST., MANCHESTER.
 Retail by most Grocers, Druggists, &c.
 In Bottles at 2d., 4d., 6d., and 1s.

THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY

LIMITED,
 22, OLDHAM STREET,
 MANCHESTER.

SUPPLY THE BEST

SEWING MACHINES
 FOR DOMESTIC & MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

BILLIARDS.

JOHN O'BRIEN,

The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard.

GLOBE BILLIARD WORKS, 42, LOWER KING-ST.

HATS AND CAPS,

WOOD BROTHERS,

WATERPROOF COATS, WOOD BROTHERS.
 LEGGINGS WOOD BROTHERS.
 UMBRELLAS WOOD BROTHERS.
 RUGS, &c. WOOD BROTHERS.

62, OLDHAM STREET,
 MANCHESTER.

EARDLEY
HAT MANUFACTURER,
 22, BRIDGE STREET,
 217, STRETFORD ROAD,
SILK AND FELT HATS,
 Newest Shapes and Best Value.
 IMPORTER OF FRENCH FELTS.
 Works: 22, Bridge Street.

HATS. HATS. HATS.
 FOR STYLE AND ECONOMY,
 GO TO WHILES'S,
 248, Rochdale Road.

BILLIARDS. BILLIARDS.
 THE OLDEST PRACTICAL FIRM IN
 MANCHESTER.

A. RAPER & SONS,

Having made considerable ALTERATIONS in their premises, at 10 and 12, Hilton-street, respectfully invite the public to inspect their Stock of BILLIARD TABLES; also the New BILLIARD BAGATELLE, with Billiard Cushions. Tables Re-cushioned with Patent Rubber, warranted not to go hard, and Re-covered on reasonable terms. Every Requisite for the Billiard-room always in stock. Experienced workmen sent out.

S. CHALLONER,
CARVER AND GILDER,
 WINDOW CORNICE AND PICTURE FRAME
 MANUFACTURER,
 83, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER.

Pictures Remounted and Restored.
Regilding.

Manufactory: **HUSBAND'S**
11, PATENT HATS
 Oldham CLAIM PREFERENCE
 Street. Over every other. They are the only
 HATS which are REALLY VENTILATED.
BAYNES, Successor to HUSBAND.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 3.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1875.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MR. HUGH MASON.

[BY HAL O' THE WYND.]

AT the present season, ecclesiastical, if not religious, activity appears to be the ascendant force in our community. At St. John's Cathedral, the bare-footed Bishop of Salford has been madly playing with the joints of pious forefathers—as though the Holy Spirit were a Devil to be raised by incantation, and not a sweet influence to be won by the effectual fervent supplication of the righteous—by way of prelude to an admirable mission, in which for three weeks Matins and Compline will be daily said, and the Gospel preached in every Roman Catholic chapel in Manchester and Salford. The Dean of Manchester has also gathered around him a goodly array of dignitaries of the English branch of the Church Catholic—famous preachers, every one, from the Bishop downwards—to woo, if possible, our merchants from their engrossing pursuits at the time of high 'change, and teach them that there are things more to be desired than the riches earned under the loving favour of Mr. Simpson. Meanwhile the MERRY MASON is mustering the troops of Nonconformity and gaily marching on to fresh attacks upon the Establishment. Are the Dissenters of England mad? is a cry which the Church Defence Association might in such circumstances reasonably adopt from the clever Liberationist placard which questions with anxious doubt the sanity of the Bishops. It may be that the conspicuous progress of Romanism amongst us, and the Ritualism which feeds it, are elements of seriously threatening danger in our national life. The Establishment, which to a certain extent gives to these evils a certain amount of protection and cherishing, and tends in other ways to cramp the development of Christian vigour, may be a hindrance to the spread of religion pure and undefiled. Perhaps, therefore, a crusade against a system of State Bonds is a mission as sacred and dignified as Bishop Fraser's raids among the poor in Ancoats, or Dr. Vaughan's theatrical cross-bearing. And we cannot suppose that the Mc.Larens, the Thomsons, and the Mc.Kerrows, would join in the fray were they not convinced that a high religious purpose is to be served, and their great Master's work in some sort to be advanced, by the overthrow of the State Church. But it must be confessed that they come before the public in these days when prescript churches are aglow with missionary zeal, in an attitude that lays them open to grievous misunderstanding. Even those who believe, as the present writer most truly does, that State connection is a real hindrance and curse to the Church of Christ—whether that connection may mean subjection or domination—and acknowledge the necessity of working on Zion's walls, sword in hand, may desire to see the trowel not forgotten. Do not Dissenters run a real risk, while assailing the ramparts of privilege, of forgetting to build up the walls of their own Zion, to strengthen their cords, and strengthen their stakes? The United Presbyterians amongst us have pleaded, their feeble apology for ten years of torpor and neglect of church extension, the absorbing interest that has attached to negotiations, unduly protracted, for union with a sister church with which they are in every way identical. If the Disestablishment movement, with all its daily deepening and extending interest, and the embittered controversies that it brings in its train, should divert the attention of Nonconformists from their first duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature, its champions may fairly make up their minds to, not ten, but forty years pilgrimage in the wilderness. Their prime force lies in diffusing a practical and loving Christianity, and the new bursting life which their example is infusing within the Church of England, will in good time rend the old State bottles.

Why should Mr. Mason be "merry" at his task of pulling down the old Church? It is, after all, a formidable undertaking, and its glad accomplishment will not be attained without much sadness and pain. Yet, perhaps, Mr. Mason does well to be merry. He has triumphed over the blood of the Murdocks, and vindicated the authority of a chairman to maintain order in the meeting where he presides—an authority which had been repeatedly and disgracefully challenged, in Lancashire, by a rout of so-called Church Defenders, whom reputable Church leaders, for their own credit, should long ago have disowned. His is a nature that derives real enjoyment from a fray, and delights in the prospect of its continuance. Like the war-horse, he snuffs the battle from afar and is glad. He is animated by

The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

and gaily throws down his glove to the Bishop. The same hot, coursing blood which, in the Booth strain, comes out as a rabid Orangeman, ready to place himself at the head of an armed host, to know the reason why, before the Church shall be disestablished, produces in Hugh a not less fervent, but a far more real and better-controlled zeal on the other side.

It is, to some extent, owing to this pugnacity of disposition, which almost amounts to a natural instinct for fighting, that Mr. Mason has failed in winning the honour amongst his own townsmen, which, by an honourable, pure, and generously benevolent life, he has richly earned. No citizen ever deserved better at the hands of his fellow-townsmen than Mr. Mason. He has loved the people of Ashton, among whom he dwells, and has built them a market-place, provided them with baths, and contributed liberally to supply them with recreation grounds. At a time of pinching distress, which will never be forgotten in Lancashire, he was enabled, at loss—though, happily, the exceptional and special nature of his trade rendered the loss comparatively inconsiderable—to supply his mill hands with steady employment and the receipt of a fair day's wage, while other employers looked on in hopeless misery at their "clemmed" work-people, powerless to aid them. He gave then, as he has ever given, generously of his goods to feed the poor. The Oxford Mills, with their multiform useful organisations, are the centre of a higher civilisation than prevails generally in the Ashton and Stalybridge district. He has been the champion of working men for higher wages and shorter hours. He has yielded almost unbounded help to mechanics' institutes, and other agencies, by the use of which those he has thus benefited may improve their leisure. With almost unparalleled catholicity, he has rendered free and generous aid to every unendowed Protestant sect. The freedom of his purse-string may be imagined from the fact that he even started a newspaper. The force of self-sacrificing desire to oblige his neighbours could not further go. Above all, Mr. Mason has been noted for a righteous and sober religious life, and for his personal devotion to Christian work. By his good qualities and public benefactions he has gained the respect and love of an attached following of men whose good opinion is worth gold. Still he is, speaking generally, perhaps the most unpopular man in Ashton. The association of his name with any cause, political or municipal, in the district wherein he serves his generation, ensures its defeat. The favourite sport of the Ashton mob, in exciting times, is to upset his carriage, and chivy him through the streets. A popular demonstration of the ruling party in the borough ordinarily winds up with an incursion into the grounds of Groby Lodge, and a midnight serenade of howling and hooting beneath Mr. Mason's drawing-room windows. The *Ashton News* was more than once publicly burned, and its untimely decease was cele-

brated with the honours of a mock funeral. For many years the annual meeting of the Liberation party, held in Ashton, under Mr. Mason's auspices, was a recurring farce. The chairman's attempt to deliver an opening speech turned the meeting into a bear garden, and ended in its abrupt dismissal, enabling Mr. Carvell Williams to return, by an early train, to Manchester, to spend a quiet hour, at the close of the day, it may be, in canvassing for a new life policy. In fine, the special delight of a large section of the Ashton and Stalybridge society is to thwart and upset Mr. Mason's schemes when they can, but at any rate to insult and annoy him. Mr. Mason, on the whole, bears his persecutions with much good humour.

All this may not be, and doubtless is not, creditable to the people of Ashton; but if it is without justification, it is at least not unintelligible. There is a stand-offishness and am-I-not-holier-than-thou air about Mr. Mason which is aggravating to the ordinary run of publicans and sinners. In M'Lachlan's, or Shield's picture of the Cotton Famine Relief Committee, this trait of his character is, intentionally or unintentionally, happily illustrated. While the other members of the board are easily chatting before taking their place to begin the heavy toil of the day, Mr. Mason stands apart, deeply immersed in the perusal of some returns, with the appearance of one who feels that he alone of all the charitable group is impressed with a stern and befitting sense of duty. In all his numerous wars and controversies, he "fechts for his ain hand" with a reckless freedom—slashing bravely at his opponent, but regardless whether he may not strike a back-handed blow at a friend—which often cuts him off from partisan sympathy. He has a Johnny Russellish propensity for upsetting the coach, which destroys confidence in him as a party leader. There is a single-minded bumptiousness in his talk about himself which annoys the hearer, and sets the mind on criticising edge. His model mills and model cottages, when they are paraded before a Chamber of Commerce with the air of one saying smugly to men who have enough to do in hard times to make the two ends of supply and demand meet, "Why don't you follow my generous example?" however admirable in themselves, become a burden. There is a general suspicion of "setting up an opposition" in the way in which Mr. Mason does a thing, that raises animosity. When he lays the foundation stone of a chapel, even for a sect so inoffensive and so well-meaning and hard-working as the Primitive Methodists, however innocent and kindly his remarks upon the occasion may be, there is a something in his manner of doing or saying that makes the clergyman of the parish furious. His very cheerfulness on the Exchange or in the Chamber of Commerce on a bad market day or in dull times, has been interpreted by spinners less fortunate than himself as something akin to insult. His good-natured backing of the operatives in some of their wage struggles is regarded as treason to his order, and has made his name hated at the Angel in Oldham. He has used his Presidency of the Steam Users' Association in a manner that has seemed to convict every boiler-owner, who does not join its membership, of moral responsibility for manslaughter. As Chairman of the Society for Promoting Scientific Industry he has been cursed deeply, if not loudly, by exhibitors who trace the failure of the Cheetham Hill Show, and the neglect of their stalls, to his autocratic action in prohibiting the sale of beer and wine in the refreshment room. We may here say that we have reason for believing that Mr. Mason was not responsible for that very ill-timed and ill-placed exhibition of teetotal intolerance. In a hundred little ways, which will be incomprehensible when his bodily presence is not with us, and only the memory of his abundant good works remains, he manages to exasperate opponents, and even individuals and whole classes of his own friends.

The Chamber of Commerce never had a better president; yet the Chamber got tired of Aristides the just. His exacting attention to every detail of business kept the secretary in perpetual hot-water, and was of immense service to the subscribers. His speeches at the quarterly meetings were models of clear exposition and thoughtful review of trade questions. His opinions were broad and comprehensive, and invariably

commanded public attention. Yet, even here, Mr. Mason managed constantly to throw himself athwart the feeling of the hour. When even so sound a Free-trader as Mr. Walmsley, of Stockport, got alarmed at the rapid growth of foreign competition, the president laughed his terror to scorn, and ridiculed his vain fears in a manner which was highly calculated to rile Mr. Walmsley. At another time, when everything looked smooth and every prospect was bright, he poured forth Cassandra warnings of coming evil and blight to an extent which incited Mr. Alderman Bennett to prescribe a blue pill on the instant. Mr. Mason, however, is animated always by the courage of his opinions, and however "contrary" he might seem, would not budge an inch from his point, defiant alike of opposition and ridicule. As an instance of his conspicuous personal courage, we may mention that when, some time ago, a well-known political leader was proposed as Vice-President of the Chamber, he jumped up and asked the directors to pause before electing a man who had pleaded the Statutes of Frauds. Of course the nomination had to be withdrawn.

Mr. Mason has done yeoman service to the Liberal party of South-East Lancashire by his unremitting attention to the register. His confidence in this useful though old-fashioned field of electioneering work, however, misled him at the last general election. He stated more than once that his acquaintance with the voters' list assured him of success for Rylands and Taylor, but, though in every legitimate way he sought to compass their return, the result was a mortifying failure. The expenses of the contest were guaranteed by Mr. Mason, and he cheerfully met the bill, totalling up to more than £5,000, the candidates contributing a fixed moiety in addition. Though the expenses incurred in the trials arising out of the disturbances at a recent disestablishment meeting were voted by the Liberation Society, he refused to touch a penny of the money, being determined to fight his own battle.

To a great extent Mr. Mason has latterly withdrawn himself from local and municipal politics, and it is understood that he intends to devote his energies henceforward mainly to the two great agitations which seek to overthrow the Church and the Beer-barrel. He presided at the recent meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, and acknowledged the selection of his name as the proudest honour that had ever been conferred upon him. At the helm of the Liberation Society in this district, he appears to be seated in permanence. It is probable that the two great objects on which Mr. Mason is said to have set his heart may occupy his hands for the remainder of his days. But he is certainly not a man to bate a jot of courage or hope, even in the face of difficulties which, to others, seem insuperable. His eccentricities of pronunciation and manner (and chiefly the painful deliberation of his oratory) notwithstanding, he is an effective platform speaker. His argument is usually clear and cogent, and his readiness and coolness are almost unsurpassed. Of indomitable pluck, tenacious of grip, and, on the whole, good-humoured, he is an opponent whom Establishmentarians whether in matters ecclesiastical or bibulous, cannot afford to undervalue. He possesses many of the virtues, while he is tinetured, to some extent with the narrowness, of the old Puritans, and, alike by natural bent and education, is admirably fitted for the double crusade in which he has buckled on his armour.

A BIG MOUTHFUL; OR, THE DISCONCERTED LIBERAL

OWING to the fact that the *City Jackdaw* is a weekly publication, the story which we announced under this head last week has been anticipated and forestalled by our daily contemporaries. We have, however, the consolation of reflecting that this periodical was the first journal in England to receive the important intelligence that England was about to purchase the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal. This is, indeed, a big mouthful; and the Liberal in question, whom we will not now mention, may well be disconcerted. At the time of going to press, last week, we were not aware that the news was so ripe for publication as it appears to have been.

is only fair to our contributor to say that his story contained every essential particular about this important item of National history, and that he did not forget to give due credit to her Majesty's Conservative Government for the masterly and, it may be added, unexpected manner in which they have acted. We may abuse the Tories for muddling, but are always ready to give honour where honour is due; and we are glad to quote one phrase in our contributor's story, which is as follows:—
 "The old story of British pluck and power is one of which Britons never tire, and the present is 'a story of local interest' in every town in the kingdom, as showing that the old spirit still survives irrespective of political feeling," of which feeling, by-the-bye, we have none, in this or other matters.

STUDIES AT THE AQUARIUM.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

II.—THE SOLE.

IT was a sole upon the ground—
 The place where soles are mostly found;
 It swam from place to place—but stop,
 Soles do not swim, they merely flop.

Perhaps 'tis all the same to him,
 But still, to flop is not to swim;
 To flop it is its way, and that
 Is why the sole was fashioned flat.

Perhaps you will not mind my stopping
 To tell you what I mean by flopping—
 It is a motion, on the whole,
 Which is adapted to the sole.

I do not know why soles are flat,
 But I can only tell you that
 It is the work of Nature, who
 In making fish knew what to do.

We may suppose that Nature found
 It tedious making fishes round;
 And being tired of seeing that fish,
 She thought she'd go and make a flat fish.

But this advantage you will see,
 In seeking why they flat should be—
 It is an admirable plan,
 They fit into the frying-pan.

With other fish it is not so,
 As every one almost will know;
 Unless those fishes you divide,
 They are too clumsy to be fried.

And so this hint from Nature's book
 I recommend to every cook—
 To boil a sole it's no use trying,
 'Twas fashioned purposely for frying.

It is a very curious notion
 To think that in the depths of ocean
 The soles are growing up so nicely
 To fit the frying-pan precisely.

Thus harmony in Nature's works
 In sea, and air, and kitchen lurks;
 'Tis destined to be fried in fat,
 To which intent the sole is flat.

Now, if the fond idea strikes,
 To ask the reason of those spikes
 Which fringe the body of the sole,
 I do not know, upon the whole.

But, if I am allowed to guess,
 I'd say they were no use, unless
 To give unto the homely cat
 Which lies and purrs upon the mat.

That cat is very fond of fish,
 And, wistful, eyes that empty dish;
 If Nature had not made those spikes,
 That cat would miss the meal it likes.

They are not good for you to eat,
 But for the cat they are a treat;
 And if those prickly bones should choke her,
 Just pat her on the back and stroke her.

But this is an occurrence that
 But rarely happens to the cat;
 You need not feel the slightest twinge
 In throwing her that bony fringe.

But if those spikes you try to swallow,
 Yourself, the worst results may follow;
 And you may often choke, for lack
 Of friends to pat you on the back.

Meantime we watch the soles at play,
 Or, rather, flopping, I should say;
 Now, if you please, we'll let them flop,
 For these remarks, perforce, must stop.

WHAT IS A LIBERAL?

THE clearest definition to be found for a Liberal is "a person who is not a Conservative." Confess now, Mr. Liberal, that you have no reason for the faith that is in you. You have no political creed, and do not want one. You have no political knowledge, neither do you require it. You are a Liberal, because you unconsciously find it a fine thing to be obstructive, to object to everything with an understanding of nothing, to be suddenly awakened to grievances of whose existence you were not previously aware, and whose nature you do not clearly comprehend. Comprehension, however, has nothing to do with it. It is a grand thing to belong to the glorious Liberal party. Is it not? To be a parasite of progress, marching on towards the light, instead of sticking to a dull brick wall. Yes! it is a splendid thing to be a Liberal, if you can only appreciate the situation. You belong, remember, to that great party which alone can save the country. The constitution to your mind resembles a cucumber, which must be cut in pieces before it can be preserved. A nice pickle you and your like would make of the constitution if you had it all your own way.

It is all very well to chaff, but, after all, the question "What is a Liberal?" has not yet been answered. It will not do to say that a Liberal is a reformer, because it is an historical fact that every important measure of reform has been carried by the Conservatives. It will not do to say that yours is the party of progress, because it isn't, unless you add a rider to the effect that progress, in your mind, is identified with destruction. What kind of progress is that which destroys as it progresses? Following out your definition, one might compare the Liberal party to an invading army of locusts; only, unfortunately, this comparison will not hold good at present, unless we take the will for the deed. What, then, is a Liberal? Is he a reformer? No. Is he an apostle of progress? No! What is he, then? He is clearly "a person who is not a Conservative."

The Liberal party is, indeed, now in a pitiable case, and there is hope that the constitution may remain unpreserved yet for many years to come. Even the negative kind of vitality, which once seemed to animate the party, has now left it. Even intelligent Liberals cannot now get beyond a mere obstructive policy. The Liberals are dead, yet nevertheless speak. We hear now and again confused half-hearted cries, which testify to the existence of Liberal principles, so-called, somewhere; and for our part, speaking from the constitutional point of view, we are sincerely glad to see that the armed front of Liberalism, never very formidable, has dwindled into an irregular guerilla camp of partisans. As long as the definition retains truth, that "a Liberal is a person who is not a Conservative," so long may we continue to banish fear for the integrity of the constitution.

LOCAL AND MUNICIPAL GOSSIP.

[BY OUR OWN MAN BEHIND THE SCENES.]

SEEMING the probability there is of the volunteers being called upon to repel somebody or other who is bent upon invading our beloved country, the gallant Colonel of the First Manchester has caused to be registered at Herald's College, the following heraldic device, to be used by him and his heirs in perpetuity, viz., "A Rent Book, couchant, with the motto, *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*"

There is but little foundation for the rumour that the *chef* of the Union Club is about to take the direction of matters culinary at the Athenæum.

I heard a good story the other day from an official of a very popular School Board. The circumstances are as follow: A careless parent was summoned to appear before a committee of the board. The day arrived, and the mother appeared before the members, and was asked why she had not sent her boy more regularly to school. Her reply was, "He 'as to tak dinners." To whom? politely asked the presiding member. "Not to Hulme, he takes 'im to Newton Heath," she very promptly replied. No more business was done that day, as I believe the committee immediately collapsed.

I cull the following geographical flower from the columns of the *City News*. "The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, is laid up at Marseilles with a severe attack of gout. Mr. Spurgeon was on his way to the south of France for the benefit of his health." When I was a pupil at Dr. Birch's academy, Marseilles used to be very much in the south of France. Such changes have, however, of late taken place in that sunny but distracted land, that probably Marseilles has seen fit to remove.

The worthy officer of health informs us that the scale of mortality has been unusually low during the past week. This very gratifying feature he attributes to the issue of the *Jackdaw*.

It is currently reported that one of our worthy J.P.'s has been seriously meditating the propriety of retiring into private life. It appears that he is quite overcome with remorse for having been so "gushing" in his remarks on the recently-appointed governor of the city gaol—who by-the-bye was evidently capable, as our American cousin puts it, of "smelling soft sawder when he saw it," if one may judge from the small effect it has had on him. "On the occasion to which I allude, the worthy magistrate was pleased to make remarks highly eulogistic of the newly-appointed governor; and when it is considered that he spoke of an untried man—as far as Manchester was concerned—and also taking into account the fact that this very desirable personage has resigned the post, one cannot help sympathising with the old gentleman. However, it is to be hoped, by all who know of this feeling of his, that he will refrain from taking such an extreme step. My humble advice to him is, let the thought of this circumstance serve as a warning, and induce him for evermore to abstain from "counting his chickens before they are hatched."

The Manchester *City News* was kind enough to notice the first appearance of this journal by remarking that the talent necessary for its production is not an exclusive possession, and added that light satire is the principal dish we provide for our patrons. This was very nice and feeling on the part of our friend, particularly as its space is sorely taxed by the number of subjects it occasionally has to touch upon, building societies, sparrows, local boards, fine art, tramways, and other minutiae. Judging from what I have heard, however, my opinion is not shared by Mr. Alderman Grave, who took an early opportunity of calling in Warren Street, after the appearance of the paragraph, and telling the young men there that they must not in future write about matters they do not understand, but stick to real property, and the other subjects which they have made their forte; the worthy alderman added that if they took not his advice, the *Jackdaw* might criticise their effusions, in which case they were certain to get the worse of the encounter.

I hasten to contradict a report which is gaining ground, viz., that "Our Own Man Behind the Scenes" is Mr. Town-Councillor Fox Turner. I have no doubt that gentleman would be most happy to supply this talented journal with a selection of jokes, if permitted to do so—indeed the *Jackdaw* once received such a proposal, but that sagacious and kindly bird respectfully and firmly declined the offer, remarking at the time that it would be a scandal to rob the Council Chamber of the jovial Councillor's funny sayings, even if they were worth printing, now that the classic walls in King Street resound no more to the pungent wit of Potts.

BOTANIC BEER.

BOTANIC beer!
It was a mere

Caprice that prompted me to quaff you;

You made me ill,

I'm poorly still,

And now my purpose is to chaff you.

Botanic beer!

I'm not quite clear

As to the link 'twixt beer and botany;

But that may be,

Because, you see,

Till yesterday I never got any.

Botanic beer!

I greatly fear

You've played the dickens with my stomach;

Your presence there,

I must declare,

Has been the cause of many a rum ache.

Botanic beer!

You're not so dear

As the familiar mild or bitter;

But still I think

That you're a drink

For lunatics, than sane men fitter.

Botanic beer!

My verdict hear—

No matter though you be botanic,

The person who

Invented you

Evinced malignity Satanic.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

WE asked our excellent artist, Mr. Watkinson, to write an explanation of this picture for the first number, but after keeping us waiting for a whole fortnight, he has sent us such a tame and matter-of-fact affair, that we have determined to do the work for ourselves. We will begin with the abstract idea of the piece, which is this: The bird was represented as standing on a battlement, in order to show that he meant battle. It will be observed that he is standing on one leg—a position which is intended to hint that no would-be competitor has a leg to stand on. He is supposed to be scratching his head with the other leg—an act which, from time immemorial, has been symbolic of wisdom. His attitude clearly indicates what he is at, and his tail is a story in itself. His back is slightly arched, and his feathers are slightly ruffled—an indication, as most people are aware, of a good disposition and sociable habits. His beak is the most beakoming part about him, and is partly open. It is also partly shut, as will be noticed—a sign that he has no political convictions, and intends to have a dig at both sides. The distant view of the city beneath must not be fathered upon our artist; indeed this panorama has neither a pa nor a ms, properly speaking, being the result of consultation among various members of our staff, who have laid their heads together, the result being a rather confused woodcut. The cross on the top of the Infirmary dome is clearly conspicuous—denoting that the persons who have charge of that hospital are at cross

purposes. The Assize Courts may be seen in the far corner of the view, politely indicated by the Jackdaw's beak. The perpendicular projections sprinkled throughout the landscape, resembling sticks, are emblematical of city councillors. On the shield, at the top left-hand corner, marked "Vol. 1, No. 3," are inscribed the arms of the Old Fogie, being a dish with a mutton bone *couchant*, flanked cornerwise by three pots of half-and-half rampant; the mutton bone being invisible to the naked eye. Behind the two topmost pots of malt liquor is an admirable portrait, on a reduced scale, of the Old Fogie himself, in the act of saying grace; while the remaining vessel is flanked by decanters containing whisky. Under the device, "December 3rd, 1875," in the other top corner, is a shield, consisting of three bars crossing a vacant space. These are so obviously the arms of the *City Jackdaw*, that the thing requires no explanation.

SUCH IS LIFE.

[BY A NOVICE.]

THE toads that play at leapfrog on the green,
Or on the roads,
Have got no cares, I ween;
Those cheerful toads
Are never bothered by insane ambition,
To change their lot or better their condition.
The horse that eateth grass upon the green
Without remorse,
May tread on toads, I ween;
That clumsy horse
Has not the least idea where he's treading,
Which brings me to the moral of my heading.
The horse that treads upon the toad that plays
By accident,
Is but inclined to graze—
He is but bent
On satisfying one of Nature's laws,
His belly's empty—so the grass he chaws.
The insect that is trod on by that horse
Lies on the green
A lifeless corpse;
No more, I ween,
Shall he all heedless like his fellows play,
Alas, his fate! alack, the weary day!
Meantime the quadruped with clumsy hoof
Continues grazing,
This statement may be proof
Of nought amazing;
But still the Novice lingers o'er the scene,
Where horses tread on toads upon the green.

SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ON A PARSNIP.

THIS is a vegetable which I never tasted, and which I do not even know by sight. I know that there is such a vegetable without hardly being aware of the source from which that information is derived. Perhaps it is innate in me like original sin, but, on the whole, I do not approve of this theory which would open the way to all sorts of vague speculation; for if we imagine a child born with an innate idea of a parsnip, as he is supposed to have of right and wrong, where are we to stop? How could a child come into the world with a distinctly formed notion of that of which it can have no experience?—unless, indeed, we go into vague and mystic speculation; which would hardly be suitable reading for these pages. No, on the whole, I prefer sticking to the simple theory that I have been educated up to my parsnip. The fact that I have never in the course of long and various experience come across one of these vegetables may be set down, if you please, to chance or an indolent disposition; but

the fact remains that the only definite bit of information upon which I have to go in forming my idea of a parsnip, is afforded by the adage which I have heard quoted with reference to it, viz., that "fair words butter no parsnips." From this I may at least gather one clear inference, that whatever may be the shape, condition, or use of this vegetable, it is unique in its way, and here is quite sufficient material for a sermon."

The parsnip then is, according to my idea of it, the emblem of the pure cynic or man of the world, upon whom all the outward graces of his fellows have no other effect than to make him shake his head perhaps and groan. His self-sufficient philosophy, like that of Rouchefoucauld, imputes every human act and motive to pure selfishness. The philanthropy of our local philanthropist, for instance, is to such an one but the result of a sordid desire to earn more money by obtaining puffs in the newspapers. He is not aware, this blinded cynic, of the noble impulses and magnanimous instincts which are brought into play by the gift of a pair of spectacles to a starving Christian. No, the man of the world sees in our worthy philanthropist nothing but a Jew who sells barometers and clocks, in order to advertise which goods, he gives away spectacles to get his name up. The fair words of the *Courier* or the *Guardian*, or indeed of other newspapers, will by no means succeed in buttering this cynical human parsnip. A parsnip he is, and as such he will remain unbuttered. At this season last year, the worthy Mr. J. A. Bremner took on him to provide cups of weak tea for the refreshment and invigoration of the young and aged poor. The excellent gentleman will doubtless resume this Christian practice shortly, and will obtain the vote of thanks from the Crumpeall guardians, which he will doubtless have earned, and which the journals will chronicle. What has the cynic to say to this? He objects forsooth to the vote of thanks and the paragraph. Oh cynic, you little know the lively emotion of the beholder who watches an aged pauper, bringing tears to his or her eyes, by swallowing scalding weak tea. Let us leave those paupers munching stale buns, washed down with the exhilarating drink aforesaid, and go home to our dinners with expectant stomachs and full hearts. Let us, however, use what fair words we may, I fear we shall not succeed in buttering that stony-hearted human parsnip; so we cease from the attempt, and conclude the present discourse.

MISSIONARY JOTTINGS.

CONSIDER how many thousands of heathen blacks are running about without thought for the morrow.

Think of the immortal souls of these heathens, who never tasted Irish whisky, and never heard of the thirty-nine articles.

What a shocking thing that heathens should live thus in a state of nature, when they could so easily be taught to squabble on matters of faith, cheat one another out of money, and spend it on drink like Christians.

Reflect that there are tribes of heathens who neglect the use of salt when they eat one another, and have no occasion to tell lies.

Reflect what great things Christianity has done for the savage tribes of Ancoats. They never think of eating a policeman.

Reflect that in view of the great things Christian zeal and energy has accomplished at home, it is requisite to look to the other side of the world for some fresh field of usefulness.

Consider how many thousands of the heathens are treading the path to hell without ever having had the pleasure of knowing that there is such a place.

Picture to yourselves the ecstasy of a heathen on being for the first time informed that such a place has been made expressly for his reception.

Reflect what Christianity has done for the South Sea Islanders, one half of whom are dying of small-pox and bad rum, while the other half are toiling as slaves in Queensland.

Just think how Christians of different denominations love one another, always speak the truth, never cheat or slander, or do anything which they ought to be ashamed of.

Consider that about one-third of the population of the globe call themselves Christians, and that the licensed victualler is purely a Christian institution.

Having well considered all these things, subscribe a hundred pounds to a missionary society, and get a paragraph in the newspapers.



WHAT SAYS HE? CAW!

Cowper.

COUNCILLOR FOX TURNER, can't you get us made a governor of the Infirmary? and we'll guarantee that affairs there in future shall not be managed by a cawcas.

Don't be so heavy on poor, dear Mr. Birley, for, as Hugh and I know, he gives more to charities than any other man in Manchester—at least, he has told the Bishop so.

We thought so. The sixteen odd pounds of the present to Dr. Reed have been generously given towards the illumination of the Infirmary clock-face, in hopes of a further return for services performed.

Dr. Morgan has opened our eyes as to the unhealthiness of the Infirmary site. The White Bear has long complained of indigestion, and there's been a storm bruin at the other hotels for some time.

Thank heavens! Dr. Reed's health was never better; but, then, he does his own doctoring.

The Conservative Club is almost finished, and we hear it whispered that the shops in connection with it are expected to realise handsome rentals. Just so; and the Club, after all, cannot be said to stand on its own bottom.

The Liberals may laugh, but the Reform Club is supported also by offices and cellars, let out to keep up the cause.

Mr. Samuel Ogden, you're a most invaluable public man. We respect you and your work, but as you are an educator of the people, particularly at the Athenæum, pray remember that there's an H-eight letter in the alphabet.

Mr. Southern and Mr. Croston, give up squabbling as to St. Clement's Ward, and let Anderton push his fortunes in peace. Mr. Croston, a man who aspires to be a member of Parliament, ought never to lose his temper with a man whose only claim to be sent to the Council is inexperience.

Messrs. Directors of the Manchester Carriage Company, if you don't insist upon your drivers giving up "nursing," you'll find that the public, like over-nursed babies, will be taking to walking.

We are disappointed: we had certainly anticipated that Alderman Heywood would have traced his direct descent from Oliver Cromwell.

Happy is the Bishop who has a candid friend. Happier is the Bishop who has a friend—a canon—who'll Liddon alone in the *Spectator*.

Mr. Charley, Mr. Leatham and you are quits. You liken him to the cork leg; he has long accused you of stumping the country. We don't think either of you can have a leg to stand upon—so long as you are seated in the House of Commons. Do you seat; or as the junior member for Salford says to Mr. Disraeli occasionally, "Do you twig it."

I say, Mr. Riley, we hope you're not going to come to grief as to the patent for the skate used on your rink. Everybody would heartily deplore such a case of confi-skate-tion.

We contradict it willingly; in fact we don't know how on earth the ramour ever got about, that at the Prince's an opera entitled Go-and-grin, was going to be produced.

THAT ENTICING BANK.

[DEDICATED TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.]

I KNOW a bank wherein I'll lodge no tin,
I know a gent who fain would take me in;
Eighteen per cent,
My wily gent
Will hardly do, my confidence to win.
I know a bank in which no tin I'll lodge,
I know a gent who's up to every dodge;
Although his name
Is known to fame,
Still with that gent no money I will lodge.
I know a bank which shall not have my cash,
I know a gent who'll very soon go smash;
Eighteen per cent
By him is only meant
To dust the eyes of speculators rash.
I know a bank in which some folks believe,
I know a gent who will those folks deceive;
Who to that gent
Their coin have lent,
But in return no farthing will receive.
I know a bank which I decline to name,
I know a gent with whom I'll do the same;
That gent, that bank,
Are swindles rank,
And now I'll leave them to their little game.

WHAT WAS INTENDED.

WE have, by paying an immense sum of money, through the intervention of the Town Clerk, got hold of the following draft of an intended procession, which was to have paraded Manchester on Wednesday last, but was prevented by unforeseen circumstances:—

PART I.

Alderman Heywood, got up as Abel Spare Bones, carrying the head of King Charles the First on a platter.

The Republicans of the City (said to be 10,000 strong).

Mr. Carlyle, orator, and Mr. John Bright, tribune of the people, both overflowing with the idea of the glory of English liberty under a Conservative Government.

Councillor Stewart, entrusted with the maintenance of the dignity of the City Council. Cap and bells in attendance, borne by —

His Worship Sir Joseph Heron, with a tear in one eye to the memory of martyred Charles, and a roguish wink in the other in admiration of Cromwell's love of the Church.

Mr. Fox Turner, pointing the moral to Mr. R. T. Walker that all great men come to grief, but a grateful people do justice, after all, to a useful man who has been thrust from his accustomed seat, whether it may be a throne or a few inches of plank in the City Council.

The Bishop of Manchester, thanking Providence that he lives in a time when he runs no risk of being burnt at the stake or beheaded for his opinions.

The Bishop of Salford and Father Gadd, offering up thanksgivings that an usurper is about to be pilloried.

Mr. Justice Lush and Mr. Justice Mellor, overjoyed with a holiday.
The Queen's Counsels, holding different opinions on the matter.
Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., and Mr. Charley, M.P., with the Bar-devil, to keep the peace between them.

The Members of the Reform Club, all looking big.

Mr. Stanway Jackson, looking bigger.

Mr. Robert Leake, looking biggest.

Messrs. J. W. Maclure and Co., as invited guests.

PART II.

"The Queen," proposed by Dr. Pankhurst, not responded to.

"The Pope," proposed by Herbert of Salford, responded to by the Protestant Committee.

"The Bishop, Clergy, and the Cream of the Liberators of Religion," proposed by Hugh Mason, responded to by the Bishop.

Song, by Father Gadd - - "The night Larry was stretched."

"Our Martyrs: Messrs. King Charles the First, Mark Price, Walker, &c.," proposed by Alderman Heywood, responded to by Distant Relations.

Song, Mr. R. T. Walker: "Oh! don't you remember Saint Michael's Ben B——?"

"Our Next Merry Meeting," proposed by Dr. Reed, responded to by the Fairbairn Monument Committee.

AN EX-PREMIER LOST IN A WOOD.

(Vide daily and weekly papers.)

ING, muse, when I accost,
Of Gladstone lost
Among the trees,
Or, if you please,

A recent paragraph you may rehearse,
Translated into verse.

Our William Ewart he,
With two or three
More gentlemen,
Was really then

In dark and dismal wood belated,
As by the papers stated.

Great consternation fell
On those who dwell
Upon the spot,
Or who do not,

When this occurrence dire occurred;
It did upon my word.

But William Ewart Gladstone he,
Though late for tea,
At length turned up
In time to sup

With appetite not much the worse,
But rather the reverse.

William Ewart Gladstone he
Must laugh to see
The interest
Which is expressed,

In his proceedings, by his native press,
I guess.

INTERVIEWING OLIVER CROMWELL IN HADES.

SCENE.—The regions below: Sir JOSEPH HERON and Alderman HEYWOOD in partial darkness.

Alderman Heywood. Upon my word, Sir Joseph, if ever I get back to earth again, I'll never undertake a visit to —

Sir Joseph. Hush, mention not the name here, or woe betide us. Follow me steadily, and I've no doubt we'll find the great Protector. Holloa! Who's this? Why, bless me if it isn't the Dean! Ah! my dear Cowie, this is a treat, to find you here. What on earth's your business?

The Dean [whispers].

Sir Joseph. The deuce! You, are! I thought you were under the Bishop of Manchester, and not the Bishop of —

The Dean. Hush, it's against the law here to have two bishops in one diocese, but the appointment is winked at, so I thought I might accept a small commission to interview King Charles of sainted memory, to see whether the Bishop of — oughtn't canonise him, so as to keep down the great Protestant re-action which is being brought about in Manchester through Cromwell's statue being erected.

Sir Joseph. Have you seen King Charles?

The Dean. Oh, no! I called at his place, but I was told he was out on the spree with Cromwell.

Alderman Heywood. Come, come, that won't do.

The Dean. Won't it. I am told on the best authority that Old Noll and Charles made the dispute between them up years ago, and are now the best friends.

Sir Joseph. Why, upon my word, here comes the Protector, with King Charles upon his arm, looking as happy as Alderman Willert and old Goldschmidt at a mayor's banquet!

Enter Shades.

Alderman Heywood. All hail, thou great saviour of English liberties! thou great bene—

Oliver Cromwell. Now, just drop that: I've seen the folly of my ways when I was on earth, haven't I, Charlie? and you don't catch me at those games again.

King Charles. Oh, he's quite reformed, and we're the fastest friends.

Sir Joseph. Here's a go: Heywood, you'd better telegraph to Manchester to put off the ceremony. Why, Oliver, you don't mean to say that you regret having chopped off King Charles's head!

Oliver Cromwell. Certainly I do, and had I known that Charlie was such a thorough-going Rom —

King Charles. I say! I say!

Oliver Cromwell. Well, if I had known that he was such a thorough-going Rumanist —

King Charles. Ah, that's better!

Oliver Cromwell. He and I might have lived as happily as the Bishop and Dean of Manchester together.

The Dean. Just so!

Alderman Heywood. But what's to be done with your statue?

Oliver Cromwell. Is't erected?

Alderman Heywood. Yes, in Manchester, too.

Oliver Cromwell. Ah, well, as it's put up, and the price paid, possibly, it wouldn't be wise to say it is anybody else; but perhaps you might put up one to Charlie, here, side by side with it, and say there's been a reconciliation between us, eh, Charlie!

King Charles. Just so, Old Noll!

Alderman Heywood. Not at my expense. I'd see him to the unmentionable first.

Oliver Cromwell. Now, just keep a civil tongue in your head, or I'm blowed if we don't trounce the lot of you.

Sir Joseph. Order! Order, gentlemen; can't we go in for a compromise.

King Charles. Why, yes, I think we can, if Cowie here doesn't mind standing a bottle of Burgundy, we'll wash their heads, Noll, and drink confusion to the Pope, my boy.

Oliver Cromwell. Agreed!

Alderman Heywood. What a fearful smell of sulphur there's about.

Oliver Cromwell. The devil there is. Then Charlie and I must leave you. Farewell, our time has come. Remember me.

King Charles. Re-mem-ber me.

[Lightning, thunder, and earthquakes.]

Sir Joseph. Well, I'm blowed if we haven't fallen on our feet in Victoria Street, and there stands Old Noll's statue!

Alderman Heywood. I'll never venture into Hades again, and I certainly shan't say a word about our interview.

Sir Joseph. Not a word; and if the Dean has only been smashed in the eruption, they'll have one contributor less on the Jackdaw. Good night, I see all the hotels are closed.

"SYMP'S-SON AGONISTES:" THE "FREE LANCE" OF MANCUNIAM.

AS a boy, he was always remarkable for nothing particular; and as a man, he was noted in particular for nothing. The child was indeed the father of the man, and Agonistes père used to solemnly announce that young Symp's-son was destined to rise in the world. So he did until—but that is spoiling the thread of our story. When his little "toosey-pegs" became troublesome his infant voice made itself heard throughout the streets of Mancunium, the family doctor was sent for and lanced his gums freely. This was the beginning of the mysterious fate which for ever pursued Symp's-son Agonistes—the great and omnipotent *Free Lance* of after days. As he grew in size and stature, so did his mind decrease; until at last it became necessary to vaccinate him. He had often been cow-hided in his young days, but his lymphatic temperament took it kindly—the hiding, not the vaccine. The same medical man once more flourished his lance freely, and once more stern Fate beckoned young Agonistes on. In time he grew to be a man, at least so his father called him, and as he was of industrious habits, he taught the young idea how to shoot. He was singularly powerful in the right arm, and his cane was peculiarly adapted to teach "the young rogues," as he used to call them in fun, how to decline the verb to "love." They knew about as much what "love" meant as Symp's-son did the meaning of his own name—but no matter, a time was coming. His was a peculiarly mechanical mind, and he did everything with automatic quickness; he didn't know why he did it, but, as a machine, he of course had to do just as the inward motion impelled him. Thus, when he was told to leap from Swinton to David-street, he jumped at the chance, and left his "dear little rogues"—("bless their young hearts; it nearly broke his to part with them"—Walker!)—for the horny-handed sons of toil. He was a great man in his own way then, but now he is a Sec— But hush! that would be telling.

Now for some years stern Fate let our Agonistes alone—which was a very good thing, for stern Fate saw he was growing out of his chuckle-headedness and dealt in magic—[lanterns]—and could turn even Fate upside down. But one bright day a little bird dropped from the clouds and whispered to him that he should make an Exchange, and he did. The narrator of this truthful story is silent as to whither he went—but he did not leave Mancunium. There was an institution in that ancient city in which Bulls and Bears were kept, who lived upon cotton in all kinds of *recherché* styles, and Agonistes had the control of this establishment—at least he said he had, but as there was no one to believe him, it didn't matter. There was a Board which he used to sit upon every month or so, but nobody knew of the process except himself. He was paid the salary of an ambassador—German—and received £500,000 per annum. But Fate was upon him. In an evil hour he ferried the ledger for the newspaper, and actually imagined that he would shine upon the press. But the Press would have nothing at all to do with him, and so he had to devote himself to gutter-literature, and became in fact a *Free Lance*. But the Board which he sat upon tilted up one day and spoke with even more eloquence than Balaam's asinine quadruped did of old. It reminded Symp's-son that he had better pocket his salary and leave gutter-literature alone, and he promised on bended knees (metaphorically, of course) to do so. Then said the Board unto him: "Inasmuch as thou hast agreed to yield up the filthy lucre, earned by picking up scandal from the gutter, so will we raise thy screw." They'd already raised his (h)ire and got his back up, but he smothered his wrath and put his tongue in his cheek.

No sooner was the screw of Agonistes raised than he felt himself worth millions in his own estimation, but still he wished to shine as a literary man. He should have set up as a waste-paper dealer, or an errand boy at a newspaper office, but he thought he should be paid for such services, and the Board had warned him that he was never again to receive pay for literary work. So Symp's-son, with a noble disregard for the profession

into which he was obtruding himself, made mysterious overtures to a proprietor of a "high-class morning journal," and proffered to do the dramatic notices for nothing. And not only that, but to find his own kid gloves, buy his own programmes and books of words, pay his own cab fares, and write, write columns, and columns, and columns. His offer was accepted, and he might have been seen, as the "dramatic critic," gathering information from the lips of lessees, while his own lips were gathering in the Water of Life from a tumbler proffered by the managerial hand. He knew nothing about the theatres, and always waited until the rest of the papers had spoken, but he was quite an autocrat—in his own way—and did the journal a world of good by causing people to smile over its columns, whereas before they had grown solemn and lugubrious. But, by-and-bye, Agonistes—and he had piled up the Agony until forty compositors (save one) had been driven into the lunatic asylum—got the kick-out, and his appetite for gutter-literature came back upon him with tenfold force. He was receiving £1,000,000 per annum, and perquisites, and just at this period a Cyclopean editor disappeared, and a *Free Lance* was required to take his place. Symp's-son rushed into the gap, and in spite of his princely income of £1,000,000, accepted two guineas a week to supply all the comic matter, and ramp up verses and tales to fill a dozen pages of the *Weakly Lance*. This he did for years, until his hair grew grey, and his mode of making a paper "funny" is as follows:— "One article on the Rejuvenescence of the Soul; one smart short leader from a daily paper; American humoursisms *ad lib.*; a page of Young's Night Thoughts; sixty-nine and a half lines of doggerel verse, and an unlimited quantity of impudence; mix and simmer in the heat of puggishness." This is how Agonistes was pursued by fate, and this is how he became a subsidised *Free Lance*, when his yearly salary would have purchased the journal he pretended to edit ten times over.

MY CLAY-PIPE.

I HAVE a short clay-pipe,
As black as black can be;
'Tis not a pipe of a handsome type,
But still it is dear to me.
I love it, that black brief clay,
As I've never loved before;
Let strait-laced carpers carp away,
I'll value it all the more.
Emblem of mortal state
That simple clay-pipe is!
Short as life, and black as fate,
With numerous enemies.
It teaches this to me—
That spite of the world's abuse,
Though short and plain my life may be,
To some it may be of use.

THE REV. ALEXANDER M'LAREN AS A FRIGHTFUL EXAMPLE.

AN eloquent minister of the Baptist-Independent congregation, which meets on Sundays in the Union Chapel, has, according to his own account, a grievance against Mr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, for hauling him about as a frightful example. In other words, Mr. M'Laren denies the imputation that he is not "respeckit like the lave" of Bishops on such trivial grounds, as that he is not nominated by a Minister of the Crown, and does not pass through the humiliation of the process of *congé d'être*—because he has never been compelled to mumble prayers to empty benches in the House of Lords—because he is not called upon to stump the country, Sundays and week-days, and absolved from the necessity of thinking out his public utterances—because he is not exposed to be bored by the platitudes of Mr. Hugh Birley, or goaded by needle and pin torture at the hands of Promotion by Merit. Mr. M'Laren

rejoices in a manly sense of personal freedom and independence, and in the respect he has earned by his individual genius and self consecration to his chief work. He would not exchange places even with the Bishop of Manchester, whom, from the true Nonconformist standpoint, he regards not as unfairly privileged but as unduly burdened, and whom he is desirous to loose from his bonds to go forth as God's freeman. Other sturdy Dissenters who were present at the Disestablishment meeting last week, were surprised at the querulous whine in which so doughty a champion of Disestablishment as Mr. Dale indulged. Jealousy of the social position of the Established Church clergy, is a token of very weak-kneed Nonconformity indeed.

NEXT DOOR TO A PIANO.

MR. JACKDAW,—This is really too bad. I am a young bachelor, not at all old-fogeyish in my habits, and reside next door to some charming young ladies who play and sing. I had for some time flattered myself that one of them was sweet on me, and had, indeed, written several copies of elegant verses in her praise. You can imagine my feelings, therefore, when I received by post the other morning the following copy of verses in a young lady's hand-writing:—

IN REPLY TO THE MUSICAL OLD FOGGY OF MOSS SIDE.

When you hear a donkey bray,
That's music in thine ear;
Thou cannot tell me why it's so,
Thy head is not so clear.

Music has no charms for thee,
If I must be thy judge;
Then sit thee down and fall to sleep,
Thy words are nought but fudge.

No one could speak like thee, I know,
If words and brains were pure;
Then go and sit thee down again
To hear the tunes next door.

Now if I were to talk to thee,
I would not curse or swear;
Nor speak a slanderous word to thee,
Without thy name were there.

But never mind thy name just now,
It is not worth a groat;
I cannot think thee half so good
When backbiting's the thought.

Piano, with its music sweet,
Rings like a wedding bell;
And if you have no ears to hear,
Your silliness must tell.

Upon that savage breast of thine,
Where love could not combine;
Then sit thee down and suck thy thumb,
Thou art no friend of mine.

A hermit of the last degree
Can never live with me;
Nor angels with their songs of love
Can never be with thee.

So now I must conclude with (thee)
Sweet tunes I'll play to men;
And let those earthly voices sing
Throughout Moss Side again.

And not only this, sir, but the other evening, when the shades of night had fallen, a small boy came and hooted at my window, "Yah! Jackdaw! Who lives next door to a piano?" I suppose that this is probably the younger brother of my adored one, now, alas! estranged from me for ever. This is intolerable. I wish the Old Fogie would just write a line to say that it is a mistake, otherwise I feel that nothing but wretchedness is in store for

A YOUNG BACHELOR.

P.S.—Please return the verses.

A DIARY OF THE WEEK.

THE following leaf from a diary was picked up in the neighbourhood of the Manchester Diocesan Registry Office a few days ago:—

MONDAY. Slept in two hours after usual time. Much exhausted after preaching three sermons yesterday, and having a glass of bitter ale after each. Went by Lancashire and Yorkshire train to Bolton; bless'd, if I wasn't a Bishop, I'd swear at the fastness of their trains. Said nothing particular in sermon, as I saw the reporters were absent.

TUESDAY. Found three old sermons in my hat-box; can't remember writing them; nobody else, therefore, can. Blow one off to-night. Another savage attack upon me in the *Courier*. Think I won't read it; am sure to hear of it from somebody else. Forgot all about sending paragraph to say I couldn't attend the Registry to-day.

WEDNESDAY. Butcher and coal agent's bills to be paid to-day. Must attend to the latter, or may have to face reporters and Mr. Russell, Q.C., in the County Court. Nothing else to do: will go in for some letters to the editors. Poor devils! believe every one of them gets an increase of salary if I condescend to notice them. Sir Joseph Heron says so, and he ought to know. By the way, Sir Joseph has undertaken to get me another washerwoman.

THURSDAY. Away from home: done so much work haven't time to read the papers. Good for somebody.

FRIDAY. At Shudehill, with the Dean, and Herbert of Salford, buying fish for fast day. Wish the Dean wasn't such a High Churchman. Capital dinner at G—. Sorry I can't attend three dinners every night. It looks so invidious to make a selection.

SATURDAY. Refused to attend Conservative soiree: don't believe in soirées. If toasts are to be drank, let it be done soberly, and not in green tea. Hope nothing is serious with Callender. To be sure, the article in last week's *Jackdaw* was very hot on him. Good paper: soon be the end of month, and they'll be sending me a cheque for last week's contribution.

SUNDAY. Work! Work! Work! When, oh! when will it cease,
I. O. U. [P. T. O.]

MR. CHARLEY, M.P., ON THE STUMP.

WE have always had great faith in the abilities of the junior member for Salford, and have often been surprised that a gentleman possessed of such rare humour and excellent qualifications as a debater should have kept himself so much in the background as he has chosen to do. Mr. Charley's recent masterly speech at Rochdale, in which he absolutely extinguished the member for Huddersfield, will long be cited as the most felicitous piece of rhetoric which has enlivened a recess which has hitherto been rather dull. The point of Mr. Charley's remarks lay in the comparison of Mr. Leatham to the cork leg of the Liberal party. Mr. Leatham, as we all know, is a somewhat lively member of an essentially dull party. Local Liberalism, especially, may be said to be represented at present by a rare collection of dumb dogs. It is, however, as well that people should be dumb as that they should only open their mouths to speak platitudes, and the role of criticism which was recently undertaken, for want of any better one, by Mr. Leatham and others, is one in which the actor lays himself open to whatever castigation the opposite party may be able to inflict. Mr. Charley has inflicted a terrible castigation on Mr. Leatham, and, through him, on the Liberal party. The figure of speech of the cork leg is a masterly and ingenious one, and there is no knowing to what political and oratorical eminence a gentleman may not attain who is able to make speeches at once as humorous, powerful, and refined as this recent one of Salford's junior member. Such an episode would almost tempt us to advise Mr. Charley to neglect the forum, and cultivate only the senate. We are aware that the bar has its attractions to an ambitious man, and we were glad to notice that Mr. Charley obtained, last week, a guinea brief by the rotation wisely practised in the allotment of Crown cases in this district; at the same time, we should be sorry if, by giving too much attention to his adopted profession, a gifted gentleman should in any way lessen his use-

fulness in other, and, we may add, higher spheres. It is given to few indeed to make brilliant speeches on profound questions, bristling with apt quotations, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Charley will not neglect the gift which is in him, but that he will continue to work out the rich vein of humour and oratory, the evidence of which, long more than suspected, made itself distinctly manifest in his Rochdale speech.

BISHOP VAUGHAN'S CHILBLAINS.

THE Bishop of Salford, we regret to announce, in consequence of a rash exposure of his poor feet on Saturday evening last, is suffering severely from chilblains. On returning to his library in the seminary, after his walk over the cold stones, he injudiciously toasted his toes before a roaring fire. Mr. Somers was promptly called in, and at once prescribed an application of sliced onion and salt. This unguent was vigorously rubbed in by the faithful Gadd. All the acolytes present were affected to tears by the melting sight, and the indefatigable secretary, after a quarter of an hour's rubbing, being uncommon thirsty, went to a little cupboard, behind the backstairs, while juniors kissed his lordship's toe. The following bulletins have not been issued for the consolation of the faithful:—

Chapel Street, Monday Morning.

The patient had a good night; onions, especially when done up with butter, being conducive to sound sleep. The great toe, however, is dreadfully swollen.

A. SOMERS.

Tuesday, Midday.

His Lordship was able, this morning, to put his foot down upon a proposal that he should walk to St. Chad's with his shoes filled with parched peas.

A. S.

Wednesday, Midnight.

The Bishop will believe in miraculous cures, and, having put his foot in hot water, by advice of the Bishop of Manchester, who says he is never happier than when he is up to the head and shoulders in it—the chilblains have, this evening, burst. By doses of one pint of spermaceti oil, well shaken before taken, and repeated till a cure is effected, I hope that his Lordship will have sufficiently recovered to fulfil his engagement with the Editor of the *Jackdaw* on Friday evening.

A. S.

MY DEAR JACK, Diocesan Seminary, Thursday Afternoon.

The Bishop of Salford presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Jackdaw*, and requests me to say that he will attend your summons to-morrow evening. He has got a quantity of remainder lint, which I shall venture to bring with me in a bag, as it may come in handy for application to your head, which will assuredly be broken.—Yours,

C. J. GADD.

THE RUDIMENTS OF LOCAL GRAMMAR.

[BY OUR OWN GRAMMARIAN.]

ON MODES OF EXPRESSION.

THE student may now pass on to some of the higher forms of grammar which form the primary elements of composition, having, by due observance of the rules already given, arrived at the art of composing simple sentences.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

Of these I will select first the metaphor. A metaphor conveys an idea by placing one thing or person in a sentence to represent another thing or person, by way of illustration, as "Mr. Leatham, M.P., is the cork leg of the Liberal party." "Mr. Aronsberg is a burning and shining light of benevolence wasting its rays upon an unappreciative public." "The City Council Chamber is a jewel-box containing all the gems of wisdom, education, and intelligence which can be collected in this city." "Mr. Ward is the Cerberus of the Council Chamber." "Sir Thomas Bazley is the unseen providence of the liberal party in Manchester," &c., &c. You will now see without much explanation the difference between the metaphor and

THE SIMILE.

The simile is the weaker but more elegant figure of speech, as, instead of rudely asserting, it merely gently compares, for example: "The Dean

of Manchester is like a donkey between two bunches of hay." (Here the simile is clearly more elegant than the metaphor, which would assert that the Dean is, &c., &c.) "Sir Joseph Heron is like a Triton among the minnows." "The Liberal party is like a leaky ship without rudder," &c., &c.

HYPERBOLE.

This is a figure of speech of frequent use, by which the nature of a person or thing is over-estimated, in order that its true value may be the more easily ascertained, as "Miss Wallis is the best tragic actress in the world." "The Prince's Theatre is the most elegant in existence." "Mr. Charley, M.P., is a truly magnificent orator." "The Liberal policy is the only policy of progress." "The Protestants of Hulme are a noble and admirable band," &c., &c.

IRONY.

This mode of expression is an amplification of the figure of speech, and consists in making a statement of part of the truth, leaving the rest to be inferred, as, for instance, "Mr. R. T. Walker has got a head on his shoulders," the inference being that there is nothing in it. "Mr. French is a Protestant," the inference being left to the imagination. "Sir Thomas Bazley is a member of Parliament," the inference being obvious. "Alderman Murray has got two ears." "Mark Price, Esq., is not a jockey." "The *Manchester Courier* is a local paper." "Mr. Oakley is sole manager, proprietor, and general referee of the Co-operative Credit Bank," the inference being very obvious. "The public are not all of them fools."

In all of these cases you see there is an inference, more or less palpably suggested by a suppression of part of the truth. The further consideration of this important part of local grammar must be deferred.

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

FRASER V. MASON.

AN action for libel was tried before Mr. Justice Gush, at the Assize Courts, on Tuesday last. Both the plaintiff and defendant are well-known men in Manchester, and their credit is said to be good outside the city. Mr. Talk-when-ever-I-am-asked, Q.C., appeared for the plaintiff, supported by Mr. Broadbrim; and Mr. Sam Popishness, Q.C., and Mr. Pull-down Establishment, appeared for the defendant.

Mr. Talk-when-ever-I-am-asked, in opening the case for the plaintiff, said: My lord, I needn't say anything for my client, as he's always plenty to say for himself. I will content myself with reading the terms of the libel, which were said to have been uttered at a public meeting by the defendant. They were as follows: "The bravest and honestest, and the best of all the *prelatts*, the Lord Bishop of Manchester, plainly saw dis-establishment looming in the distance. He stood head and shoulders above his brethren." Now I'll call the plaintiff.

Mr. Justice Gush: Not if I know it.

Mr. Talk-when-ever, &c.: My lord.

Mr. Justice Gush: Don't my lord me; call a shorthand writer, and we'll prove the facts in much shorter time.

The Plaintiff: My lord, it's not my fault if I make long speeches, or get into other trouble, but —

Mr. Justice Gush: Well, if you will be heard, I suppose we must hear you.

The Plaintiff: I wouldn't be satisfied if I wasn't allowed to say what I think on this question.

Mr. Justice Gush: What do you complain of?

The Plaintiff: Libel. The defendant says "I am the bravest and honestest, and the best of all the *prelatts*;" and that, coming from a Non-conformist, I consider to be a rank libel. In fact, it takes away my credit.

Mr. Justice Gush: Bless me, have you any authority in support of your construction of the law?

The Plaintiff: Oh, lots! If I had said that the defendant was a head and shoulders bigger than any man in his party, why —

The Defendant (interrupting): Why, nobody would have believed you.

The Plaintiff: Well, at any rate, it's defamation of character.

Mr. Justice Gush: But if a man hasn't a character to lose in that respect.

The Plaintiff: All the same, my lord, as he can show special damage. My lord, I can prove that the defendant's words have told so hardly in some quarters, that I am looked upon only as a fit associate for Liberatorists, and the like.

Mr. Justice Gush: Well, what do you fix the damages at?

The Plaintiff: They're only nominal, my lord; in fact, if your lordship can persuade the defendant to withdraw his words, and to say the same thing again at another place, I'll consent to the case being withdrawn.

Mr. Justice Gush: Are you content, Mr. Defendant?

The Defendant: Certainly, my lord; I only libelled the plaintiff as I thought he liked it.

Mr. Justice Gush (to the jury): Gentlemen, then there's an end to the case; but I can't help saying it's a pity that two men of such a position should quarrel upon such a trifling matter.

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

FEAR that my pupils have not progressed very satisfactorily, judging from printed specimens, and others in my possession unprinted. This poet tries, apparently, to be pathetic; and I may give it as my experience that nine out of ten aspirants, when they attempt this, arrive at nothing but absurdity:—

THE TOY.

When I was a little boy
I had a toy,
With which I vowed I'd play
All day,
As heedless children vow;
But I know better now.
For soon I learnt that toys
Were fleeting joys
Which pall upon the sense,
And hence
My reason first was taught
To guide me as it ought.
Now grown to man's estate,
Alas! too late
That guidance comes to me;
I see
The toys that I despise,
And yet their worth I prize.
It is an easy thing
For bards to sing
That life is vain, and dull,
And cull
A moral when they can,
But still a man's a man.
The man that never jokes,
But ever croaks
About the vanity of toys,
Enjoys
Only the wagging of his jaws,
With which remark I'll pause.

The worst of it is that when a person sits down to write a poem of the sort given above, he feels himself bound to go on with it, till he comes to grief in the end. Perhaps the least promising of all aspirants is the man who, like Browning, tries to be poetical by the mere force of jumbling of words together, as, for example, the following extract:—

To wander where the wanton wavelet cools
The harmony of Nature's wonderment,
In brilliant battle all preponderant
Upon the dewy meadows of the past,
Where memory, a murmuring delight,
Echoes the footsteps of the ancient deep,
And says, "I am for ever and for ever
Noblest, yet blest, how blest, yet lacking rest."
And so the winding-sheet of long ago
Is lifted till the time of trial comes,
Which, if it chance to come, so let it come;
A harbinger of harvests in the sky,
Of sweet lips touching lips as sweet; of hair
So tangled with a chaste entanglement
That saints might sigh, but not unravel it.

And so on. This is the sort of stuff the production of which I see modern critics are continually encouraging. I have seen lauded to the sky, as the superfine article, quite recently, verses which will not bear analysis—a bit better than those given above, the meaning of which I do not attempt to explain, but I suppose they mean something.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND THE "SPECTATOR."

THE Bishop of Manchester will not be admonished. Though he seems to have discovered that of the making of speeches there is no end, he mistakenly supposes that much letter-writing may not become a weariness of the flesh. How his Lordship finds time to accomplish his abundant labours passes our comprehension. He complains of over-work, yet here he is at it this week merrily as ever, with two public engagements on Saturday, two on Sunday; a Town Hall speech on Monday evening, a Cathedral sermon on Tuesday morning, and a lecture at the Athenæum on Wednesday evening. The Bishop, when he lightly entered upon his work in Manchester, said that, after ten years, he hoped to be allowed to retire again to some quiet country parish like loved Upton-Nervert. Half this period has scarcely passed, and the country, says the *Spectator*, is tired of his incessant talk. What am I to do cries the Bishop? And the question is difficult to answer. He cannot help talking, and cannot help saying racy, pungent, and sensible things. If the clubs are tired of his Lordship's talk, let them turn their attention to gossip or relish. The men of Manchester relish the strong meat his Lordship provides them, and, as the *Jackdaw* cannot get on without its occasional shot at his Lordship, why, the sum of the whole matter is, things are very well as they are, and there is no harm done to any one by a friendly chat over the difficulties of the situation. If the result should be to strengthen his Lordship in refusing some of the undue claims that are made upon him, nobody will regret it. A willing horse ought not to be over burdened.

NOTES IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

ONE of the most notable things in the proceedings of the City Council on Wednesday was their remarkable and praiseworthy brevity. The fact is that the Town Council can only do one thing on one day, and the interest of the ordinary business was altogether overborne by the excitement attending the unveiling of the Cromwell statue. This event had a double-shotted significance. It frightened the more pronounced Tories entirely away from their places. Mr. Alderman Bennett and Mr. Croston were in this way conspicuous. In the second place, it acted like the bribe of a sugar plum to a fretful family, and produced the desired effect of quiet. Even Alderman Baker apologised for intruding upon the Council with a speech, on a matter which rendered speech-making absolutely necessary, and for once his statement was a model of brevity. Thus the memory of a man who, above most of his fellows, lived in his time a "life of sturt and strife," induced, for the hour, a sweet reasonableness in the Council Chamber, at once edifying and gratifying. The bellicose Murray chatted amicably with the tender Lamb, and Mr. Griffin cordially backed the amiable proposals of Mr. Harwood. Mr. Alderman Grundy made a short, clear, pithy speech in proposing the extension of the female wards at the City Gaol, and the erection of a fever hospital within the prison walls—two necessary evils. This was the main business of the day, but there was also some interesting talk on the subject of small district hospitals—a system to which the Council are gradually groping their way. Some mysterious references were made by the Town Clerk to semi-occult, quasi-public proceedings, which had prevented the execution of some grand scheme of private benevolence, whereby this necessary public work might have been undertaken without expense to the ratepayers.

Everybody was surprised when, at half-past eleven o'clock, the agenda paper was exhausted, as Mrs. Heywood and the ladies who had been invited to witness the formal presentation of the statue, were not timed to arrive till twelve o'clock. The one tasteful speech of the occasion was made by Mrs. Heywood, who spoke with a touching modesty that was worthy of the personal fidelity and patriotic munificence of which the

statue is the expression. The proceedings were much too long, and the Mayor's autobiographical reminiscences, Mr. Alderman Heywood's windy jocosity, and Mr. Thompson's long historical essay, might all have been judiciously abridged, or, indeed, with advantage reformed altogether. The simple unveiling of the noble statue in the midst of an admiring throng was the most impressive part of the proceedings. The enthusiastic demonstration on the part of the crowd, at the undraping of the noble figure of the great Protector, was adroitly saved from the appearance of Republicanism by the loyal proposal of our good old Tory Mayor for the Queen and the Royal Family.

SCOTCH ORGIES.

Lass o' Gowrie, Wednesday.

DEAR me! Mrs. McTavish, I wish I had but taen your advice. I hae na been home a' nicht, an' I hae a heed like to rent. Lassie, bring me a nip; I'll try a hair o' the dog that bit me. Ay, ay, woman; I wish I had come to your bit tea drinkin' instead o' bein' seduced to that wild orgie at the Falstaff. Womd, it was nae Scotch denner at a'. There was naither cockie-leekie nor mutton broth, nor even gude fat kail. The haggis was conspicuous by its absence, as Johnny Russell might say,—or His absence I should may be write when speakin' o' the great savoury chieftain o' the puddin' race. There was na' even a singit sheep's head or trotters—na not even a dish o' tripe or a plate o' coo heel. There was naething, let me tell you, but roost beef and plum puddin', fill an fetch mair nae doot, an' gude enough in its place, and fit for Englishmen wha ken nae better,—but no a guid substrawtum for toddy. It's tough solid feedin', and does na' absorb the barley bree. Ay, ay; there was little that was Scotch about the affair—except the travellers, they were a' there in full force. As for the drinkin', there was naethin' naither Scotch nor systeematic about it. Councillor Jamie Sma', whom I had regirded as a naytural leader, set a bonnie example wi' his shampain and dirt—ah; but I have the rale article this mornin', woman,—eneuch an' to spare. Oh, I was owercome last night; or was it this mornin'? there's nae doot about that, and I houp the session winna hear o't. It fell out in this way. When I asked for a glass o' guid strong toddy, the lassie brocht me what she ca'd an Irish 'ot. When afterwards I speired for a cog o' Awthol Brose, the tawpie kent na what I meant; and when I explained, she said if I wanted ayther to chaff or be chaffed, I hed better stap awa ower to the Thatched House and ask for rum an' honey. There was an unco aspittin' in beginnin' the speeches, but at last Mr. Tod Lowrie, the eminent contractor, who was described as the chief o' the club, and speaks his mither tongue wi' a guid braid accent, got up and proposed "The Queen," and afterwards "The Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Deuk o' Edinburgh," with the air o' patronage that is justly becomin' on the pairt o' us northern fock, among whom the Royal family—God bless them—hae spent sae mony happy days, and sic a soom o' siller. Then Mr. Councillor Murray proposed rale nicely the "Land o' Cakes." I didna like to see him though in a white tie and a lang tail, as if he had been merely enjoyin' mayoral hospitality. I would vastly hae preferred to see him in full fig—in kilts and sporran and tartan hose. But after a' he was maybe judeicious in comin' wi' covered hurdies, for the night was cauld and nae doot would hae made his shanks shiver. But his speech was gran' and covered a multitude o' sins. He spoke about Wallace and Bruce, and telt hoo they had threshed the Englishers at Stirling Birk and Bannockburn. Then a wee man wi' glasses on sang "The Tinkler's Waddin'," and the mirth grew fast and furious. But the great feature o' the ceen' was Councillor Jamie Sma's magnificent oration. He speaks the rale Edinburgh deealeck an' nae mistake, an' it's nae easy to believe his tale, that he's been twa an' thretty years o' his precious life, as he himsel' described it, in this weary England. He quoted Burns splendidly, and prayed, that for dear Auld Scotia's sake, he might be granted the power to mak a speech at least. He made ao grand mistak hoover. He seemed to suppose that St. Andrew's Day had somethin' to do with the auld Fifeshire University toon, where, in my younger days, I hae played mony a guid game at catch the ten with the Divinity students. Then he praised John Knox, and abused Queen Mary, and nearly caused a shindy in my corner by his outspoken, honest estimate o' that — o' Babylon. He proposed the "Land we live in," and spoke very highly o' the honour o' his English customers. Hoover, wi' that we can hae little to do, since dead men tell nae tales. Then

Simister, the ex-councillor, sang a guid soond Conservative sang about "Our fathers' customs," about whilk I could hae jined isshy wi' him, but the room began to soom room' me, and the bits o' lasses treated me very kindly, and—oh, my heid, my heid! Lassie bring me anither nip.

CRAMOND JOCK.

THE ROUND OF THE THEATRES.

[BY OUR OWN OLD PLAYGOER.]

DROPPING in the other night at the Queen's, I found Miss Wallis playing *Imogen* to empty benches, a very discouraging thing under any circumstances, but especially so when an actress is making a first appearance in a trying part. Miss Wallis's representation is intelligent and lady-like, free from all objectionable stage characteristics, but certainly adding nothing to the preconceived notions of the character derived from a perusal of Shakspeare's play. Theatrical managers act wisely in re-training, as a rule, from putting "Cymbeline" on the stage. It is one of the worst acting plays which Shakspeare ever wrote, and by the glare of the footlights assumes a very namby-pamby aspect indeed. The points in the play are as difficult to grasp as they are hard to manipulate, the poetry being rather æsthetic than pathetic in character. Having a favourable opinion of Miss Wallis as an actress, I was sorry to see her acting *Imogen* to a decidedly unsympathetic house.

Lack of demonstrativeness cannot, on the other hand, be complained of at the Prince's, where Mr. Byron's somewhat coarse fun is received nightly with rounds of applause and roars of laughter. As far as the pleasing of popular audiences goes, therefore, the Prince's has done praiseworthy work; at the same time, the inference with reference to the manner in which that taste must be satisfied is a somewhat melancholy one. Time was, they say, when an essential in a dramatic writer was that his productions should bear the mark of a scholar and a gentleman. We change, and the times change with us.

It is not, moreover, a creditable sign of the times, with reference to matters dramatic, that a musical entertainment which is, perhaps, the most entertaining and artistic of any which can be found at the present time in England, should have failed at the Theatre Royal to make any great impression on the public. Mr. Carl Rosa has bestowed immense pains, not only on the whole repertoire and the programme of each several performance, but has also got together a troupe of musical artistes which may almost be called unequalled; yet the public stand aloof. They will go in crowds to witness an Italian company who offer fewer novelties than Mr. Rosa, and have fewer special merits. This is fashionable, however, and the ways of fashion are inscrutable.

OUR SKETCH OF MR. WILLIAM ROMAINE CALLENDER.—Several valued correspondents write to us to say that Mr. Callender did not succeed Mr. John Ashton Nicholls as the honorary secretary of the Manchester Athenæum. He succeeded Mr. H. M. Acton.

NOTICE.

The *City Jackdaw*, of Friday, December 10th, will contain a BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE "OLD FOGIE;" being the first of a series of biographies of the members of our staff.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

Well-wisher.—Oh! you are beginning to see that, are you? Of course it is; but we cannot print your remarks. Nobody would believe them, they are so complimentary.

Cause and Effect.—The name and address of a concealed duffer are not of much consequence; still your's have not been sent.

W. A. (The Spiritualist).—Sorry we cannot oblige you.

Liberal.—We never said he was.

My Umbrella.—Keep it, you might spoil your coat for want of it. A wet donkey has always an uncomfortable look about him.

M. C.—We do not profess to interfere with your "copyright," your intention to retain it might have been supplemented by your retaining the "copy" also.

A. B. (Stockport).—Usually stands for able bodied, but we have only your mental efforts to judge from.

Melted Gold.—Must be re-fused.

SEASONABLE REQUISITES.

LEETE'S ALMOND AND GLYCERINE CREAM,

A perfectly harmless, but yet a most efficacious, application for SOFTENING THE SKIN, and preserving it from all roughness caused by a cold ungenial atmosphere.

LEETE'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES,

A most valuable expectorant and demulcent in irritation of the throat.

The original and Genuine, as well as other well-known preparations, are still Prepared Solely by W. W. LEETE, Chemist (formerly at Fallowfield), now at 282, Oxford-street only, corner of Ducie-street, Manchester.

BANKS,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

73a, MARKET STREET,

1, NEW BROWN STREET, and

73, ALEXANDRA ROAD,

Alexandra Park,

MANCHESTER.

CARTES DE VISITE FROM 5s. PER DOZEN.

CHEETHAM HILL SKATING RINK

WILL BE OPENED

ON SATURDAY NEXT, DEC. 4, 1875,

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

A MILITARY BAND WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

PLIMPTON'S AMERICAN PATENT ROLLER SKATES,

SAME AS USED AT THE PRINCE'S CLUB, LONDON.

ALL SIZES FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND CHILDREN.

MOVEMENTS WITH SAME EASE AND GRACE AS SKATING ON ICE.

The Most Healthful and Fashionable Amusement of the Age,

Combining Pleasure and Recreation with Physical Culture and Improvement. Skating is the sum and substance of all exercises, it calls into play every nerve and sinew of the body, invigorates the system, and cheers the mind by an agreeable and healthful excitement.

SKATING CONFESSEDLY STANDS UNRIVALLED IN A SANITARY POINT OF VIEW.

To those who are confined by close application during the day, what can be more healthful to the bodily powers, and exhilarating to the spirits, than an hour's skating? As a fashionable exercise for ladies and children it stands unrivalled, and there is no other amusement so well adapted to the development and improvement of the "Form Divine" as skating. Every muscle is called into activity, and the whole physical structure is benefited, while the brain receives its full share of healthful stimulus—so intimate is the connection between the physical and intellectual portions of our being.

A Competent Skater in attendance to give all needful Instruction.

AND THE PRAISE THEREOF SHALL BE IN EVERY MOUTH.

COPP, SON, & CO.'S PEERLESS VEGETABLE ANTISEPTIC DENTAL SCALING POWDER,

Subtle and powerful, luxurious and aromatic, has established itself with unexampled rapidity a *sine qua non* of the toilet table. Going direct to the root of disease, and eradicating the very germ of decay, it obviates, and has entirely superseded the impairing and troublesome process of mechanical scaling. It acts beneficially on the enamel, irresistibly removes tartar, preserves, strengthens, and gives to teeth a dazzling pearly whiteness. Continued application absolutely insures to them a lasting, healthful, and health-giving vigour. Although not artificially scented, it imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. Examined and recommended by Dr. Eason Wilkinson, 96, Mosley-street, Manchester; and Dr. Henry Ramsbottom, 16, Park Lane, Leeds. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers, or sent, post free, by the Inventors and Sole Proprietors.

COPP, SON, & CO., DENTISTS,
6, WATERLOO ROAD, MANCHESTER.

SIBBERIN & HORABIN

SUPPLY THE

WALLSEND COAL

(As used by the nobility and gentry of London, not previously offered in Manchester.)

IT IS UNRIVALLED IN DURABILITY, CLEANLINESS,
AND POWER.

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Delivered within Two Miles from Longsight
Station at 20s. per Ton.

ALSO,

THE CELEBRATED

BANBURY KITCHEN COAL,

At 18s. 6d. per Ton.

Once tried, these coals will be permanently estab-
lished in the favour of the purchaser.

Quotations given for Truck Loads to any Railway
Station.

Orders to their AGENCY,

154, VICTORIA STREET,

RICHMOND GROVE, STOCKPORT ROAD,
MANCHESTER.

LONDON TAILORING.

WINTER SEASON.

THE MERCHANT TAILORS' COY.,

17, QUEEN VICTORIA-ST., LONDON,

And 121, MARKET STREET,
MANCHESTER,

Are Now Showing Novelties in

SCOTCH CHEVIOTS, &c.

SUITS - - - - - 50s.

TROUSERS - - - - - 13s.

Our specialities for Overcoats in Beavers, Naps,
Witneys, Elysians, Diagonals, &c., are now
ready, and will be found unequalled for style and
quality.

OVERCOATS, 30s.

MARSALA WINE.

We beg to draw attention to our large and
well-matured Stock of this excellent Wine.
The price is so reasonable, and the quality
so fine, that we consider it about the best
and most economical White Wine for
household use we know.

IN QUARTER CASKS AND OCTAVES AT 8s. PER GAL.

IN BOTTLES - - - - - 18s. PER DOZ.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,

WINE MERCHANTS,

26, MARKET STREET,

MANCHESTER.

LIVERPOOL: 11, LORD STREET.

BIRMINGHAM: 28, HIGH STREET.

WEEKLY TERMS.

WARWICK SEWING MACHINE,

2s. 6d., Weekly; MEDIUM, 3s.; WRING-
ING and MANGLING MACHINE, 1s. 6d.
FURNITURE, Bedsteads, Bedding, Carpets, and
Oilcloths for Cash or ON WEEKLY TERMS.

HAGUE'S FURNISHING DEPOT,

57A, PRINCESS STREET.

TRADE



MARK.

NUTTALL'S

PATENT STOMACH & LIVER PILLS

Should be used by Everybody, because
Thousands can Testify to their Invaluable
Qualities as the Best Family
Medicine Known

For Indigestion, Pain in the Stomach, as fulness after
meals. Faintness, Heartburn, Consumption, Gravel, Foul
Breaths, Loss of Appetite, Scoury, Blisters of the Skin,
Headache, Lowness of Spirits. In every case where they
are fairly tried they will remove the most obstinate com-
plaints. Sold by all chemists throughout the world, in
boxes, 9d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. each. Sole Proprietors:
C. Nuttall and Sons, Baccup, Lancashire.—N.B. Ask your
chemist for Nuttall's Vegetable Patent Stomach and
Liver Pills.

THOMAS & CO., ORGAN, HARMO-

NIUM, and PIANOFORTE MANUFAC-
TURERS, Jewellers and General Merchants, dealers
in BIRMINGHAM and SHEFFIELD GOODS,
Chassum Street, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire.
Sole Agents, American-made Parlor and Church
ORGANS. Finest Instruments made. Musical
Boxes, from 10s. each upwards. Larger discounts
to the Trade, Schools, &c., than ever known before
to be offered for cash.—Catalogues on application.

SWISS FAIRY ORGANS, 2s. 3d., 3s. 3d., and
5s. 4d. Patented in Europe and America. These
Instruments produce the most beautiful modern
music—sacred, operatic, dance, or song. Perfect in
tone and of marvellous power. Four gold medals
awarded for excellence. A sample Organ, free, per
parcel post, P.O.O. at Manningham, to THOMAS
and CO.

ONE SHILLING and THREEPENCE, post-
free, 1s. 6d., the AMERICAN POCKET TIME-
PIECE (patented). Size and shape of an ordinary
watch; strong metal case; steel works; balanced
action; enamelled dial; glass dome. Each denotes
correct time, and is warranted for two years.—
Caution: To be procured only from the under-
named.

THOMAS & CO.,

HARMONIUM MANUFACTURERS,

Chassum Street, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, ROBERT
ROBINSON DODDS, of 20, Belle Vue Street, Ardwick, at
Market Street Chambers, Manchester.—Friday, Decem-
ber 8th, 1875.

WHOLESALE AGENTS:—John Heywood, Deansgate;
W. H. Smith & Son, Brown Street; Heywood & Son,
Oldham Street; J. Bohanna, Market Street; G. Renshaw,
Bellhouse Street; M. McCarthy, Warren Street; and the
Publishers.

“PREPARE FOR A RAINY DAY.”

Dunkerley & Franks' Umbrellas are made on FOX'S Celebrated
FRAMES, and are unequalled for QUALITY, DURABILITY, and PRICE.
7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.